Enter the Queene and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace ſo
paſsionate of late?
Queene. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes
Of that ſucceſſe king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwicke*?
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aſide,
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth diſplay:
And *VVarwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.
Riu. What? is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I, ther's my griefe; King *Edward* is ſurpriſde,
And led away, as priſon vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is peſsing ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe:
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaſter* at this time muſt perceiue;
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queen. God graunt they may: but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the ſanctuarie,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,
King *Edwards* ſeed, true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter Edward and Richard, and Haſtinges with a troope of Hollanders.

Ed. Thus farre from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Rounſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft, the Gates are ſhut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the Drumme, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke vpon the Walles.

Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cauſe we ſtand vpon our garde,
And ſhut the Gates, for to preſerue the Towne:
Henrie now is King, and we are ſworne to him.

Ed.

Yorke, and H

Ed. Why my Lord Ma
Edward I am ſure at leaſt
Maior. Trueth my Lo
Ed. I craue nothing bu
Rich. But when the Fo
Heele quickly make the
Haſt. Why my Lord
Open the Gates, we are k
Maior. Say you ſo, the

Ric. By my faith a wiſe

The Maior opens
Keyes in
Ed. So my Lord Maio
But in the time of Warre
What, feare not man; for
and you, deſpight o

Enter ſir Iohn M
Drumme
How now *Richard*, Who
Rich. Brother, this is Si
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I
Ed. Welcome *Sir Iohn*,
Sir Iohn. To helpe kin
As euery loyall ſubiect ou
Ed. Thankes braue *M*
But I onely claime my D
Vntill it pleaſe God to ſ
Sir Iohn. Then fare you
March away: I came to
Ed. Nay ſtay *Sir Iohn*, a
With what ſecuritie we
Sir Iohn. What ſtand y
Except you preſently pro
Ile hence againe, & keepe
you: why ſhould we figh